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VOL. XXIV. No. 636. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1918. TWOPENCE.

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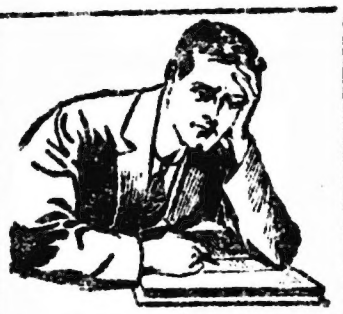

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Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 636. Week ending Saturday, August 10th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Cutting the Cackle.

Now that the Courts are closed and Parliament is rising, having cut the cackle we can come to the 'osses.

Ireland.

And, speaking of cackle, can anybody tell us what the recent Irish debate was about? Fancy wasting another day over the affairs of Ireland! Why didn't the Government say: "Very sorry, but at the moment we're busy with the war"?

"F. E."

So our right hon. friend will not commit political suicide by becoming a Law Lord. As we hinted last week, L. G.'s. plan is to shunt all his rivals to the Gilded Chamber.

The Difference.

At the recent meeting of "the friends of Lord Lansdowne," when his Second Epistle to the Weak-kneed was read, one of the speakers pointed to Ireland as a proof that "even a small country near home" cannot be crushed out of existence. Simple creature! Not whilst the Politicians can get a hundred votes out of her!

Quite So!

Apropos of the formation of the "Lansdowne Labour Committee," the *New Witness* says you might just as well talk of a Bottomley Bolshevik League. You might.

The Decay of Parliament.

Surely it is a sad sign of the times when the name of Harry Lauder is seriously canvassed as a prospective Parliamentary candidate! Why not also Little Tich—with George Robey, say, as the new Speaker? We could, at least, rely on a full House every night.

German Banks.

More camouflage! Why prohibit them for only five years after the war? And how strenuously the Government resisted the proposal to omit any limit of time! "They may change their hearts," said Sir Albert Stanley. Fancy a banker—and a *German* banker—having a heart!

Capital and Labour.

The *Clarion* doesn't like our objection to State Control. It appears that during the war Capital "has piled up such huge reserves and broken down so many Trade Union defences." *We* thought that the State had taken 80 per cent. of Capital's war profits, and that Labour was having the time of its life.

The Averted Strike.

We have been "snowed under" with letters of approval of last week's article on the way to deal with strikers in war time.

Those Enemy Princes.

When *does* the Privy Council propose to put into force the provisions of the recent Act, giving it powers to remove enemy princes from the British peerage?

A Fine Fine.

What exactly Sir John Jonas was found guilty of we do not know. But we *do* know that a fine of £2,000 was no punishment at all. He probably paid it out of the office petty cash.

Valera.

What about this man? Is the Government content to let him remain in comfortable internment? If what they say they know is true, he was a traitor to the King—and trial for treason is not only his deserts, but his right.

That List.

Several readers point out that Gustave Jarmay, one of those on our recent Naturalisation List, is still one of the Directors of Brunner, Mond and Co., and was in the New Year's Honours List as well.

The Old Game.

The President of the Board of Trade announces that the agreement between the Government and British dye manufacturers will not provide for the exclusion of foreign dyes from this country. And we talk about boycotting German trade!

Fooling the Farmers.

In the same way, after making British farmers cut up their land, and then depriving them of the labour necessary to cultivate it, we are now told that there is to be no restriction on foreign imports of wheat. You see, the idea of being self-supporting in the matter of food is not "economically sound." Oh dear us!

The British Cellulose Company.

No firm in the kingdom is rendering better war service—or, in time of peace, is likely to be of greater commercial value to Britain—than this great undertaking. It has, to our knowledge, so far worked at a big loss—and there is a dirty story behind the attack recently made upon it by that dud Sub-Committee to which we referred last week.

Kitchener Memorial Fund.

What has become of it? And what form is the memorial to take?

Schroeder's Secretary.

So the Baron's *Secretary* is to be interned. Evidently been up to something—but, of course, the dear Baron knew nothing about it.

A Mem. for B. L.

Just a line to call the attention of Mr. Bonar Law to the fact that in connection with the recent Australian Loan, a Bond Lottery scheme brought in nearly a million and a half.

Gallipoli Medals.

So at last Gallipoli decorations are to be issued—but only to Australian, New Zealand and Newfoundland troops. Who is the fool responsible for snubbing the British Army?

Good Old U.!

This from a letter of a Canadian soldier, written to his parents a few months ago: "Only two things made us stick it—our sense of humour, and good old JOHN BULL." Take it how you like.

That £3,000,000 Fund

It was a splendid idea of the King to hand over the City's Silver Wedding gift of £57,000, with £25,000 added by himself, to the Minister of Pensions towards the fund for setting up disabled sailors and soldiers in civil life. But *why* Charity at all in such a case?

Wrongly Named.

There *are* cases in which German names are borne by splendid British soldiers without a trace of Teuton blood. Major Weisberg is one of them, and we gladly testify to his soldierly qualities and sterling patriotism.

Not "Dizzy."

So it was Kingslake, and not Disraeli, who described Mr. Gladstone as "a good man—in the worst sense of the word"; whilst it was Granville Murray who said that he "used the Bible as a stepping-stone to fame, and piled tracts on it when he wanted to climb higher."

Oh, George!

Commenting on the fact that when Theodore Hook was running old JOHN BULL, he was presented by his readers with "a barrel of Nottingham ale," Dagonet—Mr. George R. Sims—in the *Referee* says: "Fancy, my dear Horatio, the Editor of JOHN BULL being an aley 'un"! G.R.S. is old enough to know better—the old wag!

Information Wanted.

We go all the way in approving the series of boxing contests at the National Sporting Club, billed as the "American and British Empire Services Competitions." It is fine sport for our boys and the Yanks. But we cannot fathom what the scheme has to do with the Ministry of Information, whose name figures in large type at the top of the posters.

The Eternal Westers.

The other day it chanced that the Training Section, Ministry of Munitions, wanted to buy a few motor-car accessories, costing less than £10. The order was duly sent to the makers, accompanied by 14 different forms, foolscap, all to be filled up by them with particulars, and by a letter saying that payment would be facilitated by supplying the details. Now, who wants fourteen copies of a small account?

A Black Subject.

A farmer applied for permission to buy 200 gallons of tar. He needed it to coat the roofs of his barns, to prevent wet soaking through to the corn. The Food Production Department wrote him a plain and direct negative. "Supplies of tar are severely restricted," and coating barns, "in present circumstances, is not held to be of national importance." But the farmer may buy 10 gallons at a time, so enjoying twenty journeys instead of one. Tar keeps the roads nice for joy cars.

A Woman's Request.

In view of the General Election, a Brécon lady solicits our advice on behalf of the feminine voter. "I fear much flattery will be used by candidates," she says, "and many will be so elated by having the vote that they will be put off their guard." It is true that, having got the vote, numbers of women won't know what to do with it. Nearer the day, it will be our pleasure to instruct them. In the meantime, they may take it that the best candidate is not always the handsomest.

A Blighter.

Who is W. J. Blight, of Plymouth? We don't really want to know and we don't really care; what attracts us to the blighter is that he writes to the *Western Daily Mercury* protesting against a proposal in that newspaper for reading in the elementary schools of the town "the official story of the heroic stand of the 2nd Devons in the last battle of the Aisne." "There may be valour and self-sacrifice displayed," he grudgingly concedes, "but is it not of the savage and brutal kind?" A creature who writes in such a way of such an episode in such a war is not a man. He is just a thing.

Vot a Happy Landt!

Thanks to the Government's anxiety not to hurt the feelings or deny the appetite of prisoners of war, the Hun is still being fed and fattened among us like a prize pig. Here, first, is the daily ration of the British soldier in ounces:—Meat, 8; bread, 14, sugar, 1 and 1-7th; bacon, 2; tea, ⅜ths, salt, ¼. All other commodities Tommy has to purchase out of his 6½d. "extra money." This is how the Hun fares when fate and fortune land him in a British prison camp for his stomach's sake:—Bread, 9; broken biscuits, 4 (or bread 4 *in lieu*); coffee, ½, or tea, ¼; salt, ¼; beans, 2; rice, 1; oatmeal, 1; margarine, 1; cheese, 1 (about); potatoes, 20; salt herrings, 10 twice a week *in lieu* of meat; maize-meal, ½; fresh vegetables, 4; meat, 4. When the captured Hun returns to the Fatherland *he* won't "Hoch" the Kaiser.

Young Soldiers on Munitions.

The Armstrong Ordnance Works at Elswick would well repay a visit from the Minister of National Service. We hear of men on night shifts whose sole object seems to be to dodge the foreman. The place is said to be full of men who should be in the Army and whose exemptions are a scandal.

The Queen's Waacs.

This is very wrong. One of the Waacs, after four months in France, got her Discharge owing to ill-heath. There was four weeks' pay owing to her. She applied for it at the Connaught Club, but they "knew nothing about it," "and," she hasn't received it yet." Too weak to work, no compensation, and not paid for the work she has done! The Queen, patron of her Corps, would, we are sure, not like to hear of it.

This Thing Must Stop!

A dirty Hun, now interned, has been writing to an English girl, whose name he happens to know, in terms of disgusting "tenderness," mixed with frank insult, and asking for money. We give no names, because we don't want to hurt the poor girl still further. The camp is Alexandra Park, and we will show the letter to the authorities if they care to see it. But they must hurry up—the brute hopes to come out in a few days.

The Cow and the Cake.

Many people, and all cows, like cake. This knowing, a Parkstone farmer wrote to the Live Stock Commissioner for Exeter district requesting a Priority Certificate to enable him to purchase some cotton cake for his cows. "Sir," replied the Secretary to Lieut.-Col. Riddick, said Commissioner, "I am in receipt of your letter. Kindly state if your cows are kept under urban or rural conditions." The farmer doesn't know for certain whether his cows are truly rural or not, but he evidently suspects the Secretary of being toolitooral in writing such a letter.

Awkward.

Apropos of our recent paragraph entitled "Poisoned by the R.A.M.C.," we are informed that a sergeant in that Corps entered a chemist's shop in Bradford the other day and asked for an elementary book on drugs. On being told that no such a book was in stock there, he replied: "You see, I have been placed in charge of a medical tent, and having no knowledge of drugs, it is very awkward for *me*." Very likely; but if it is any consolation to him in his misfortune, he has only to give somebody a dose of prussic acid in mistake for one of Epsom salts, and he will be promoted.

No Leave Allowed.

A lady reader at Ipswich, engaged to a soldier who has been out in France for two years with only one leave, tells us this: While the men were on parade a little while ago, an Order was read to the effect that "anyone wishing to get married must give 14 days' notice." Her *fiancé* put in his application accordingly, but had it returned to "state her condition." "My condition," says the lady, "is as it should be with a girl in single life, but when he sent in his application again stating so, leave was refused. He has always behaved as *a man* to me; had it been otherwise he could have got home as others do in such circumstances. I think it is a wicked shame." And this *does* seem to be quite a reasonable and mild name for such a monstrous insult and injustice.

Not Our Style.

The Society of Friends has issued an Appea to the Nation on behalf of Conscientious Objectors undergoing punishment. They have sent a copy to us, trusting we may "see our way to publishing it in the next issue." They have applied to the wrong establishment.

Wanted—A Real Live Secretary.

From daily Press, July 11th, 1918:—"Sir Albert Stanley says he has no knowledge that a Leeds firm advertise they will pay the return railway fares of country customers attending their summer sale." From *Yorkshire Evening Post*, July 2nd, 1918:—"To Country Customers—We Pay all Return Fares." The advertisement occupies a double half-column.

Kidnapping?

Where do the functions of a Labour Exchange begin and end? A woman of Tunbridge Wells, with a boy of 14, earning 10s. a week, heard that the Exchange was getting £1 a week for boys away from home. Her husband and two sons being in the Army, she wanted to keep her eye on this boy, so forbade him to go. But he went. The Exchange paid his fare and packed him off. It may in the end be a good thing for him, but so young a boy ought not to be sent from home without his parents' consent.

His Welcome Home.

A joyous welcome home awaited Charles Edge, soldier, when he escaped from Germany after three years' imprisonment there. The Magistrates of his native place, Newport, Isle of Wight, met in confab. anent their gallant townsman, and presented him—with an illuminated address, a purse, or a bouquet? Oh dear, no. They handed him an Order to pay £22 for rates, which had accumulated during his absence. Surely those shabby in-justices, if they could not forgo the debt, might have waited while the man had time to turn round.

Bethlem Pensioners.

With reference to recent remarks of ours on the alleged inadequacy of pensions paid to old servants of Bridewell and Bethlem Mental Hospitals, Sir Walter Trower and the Secretary have put the other side of the case before us. Bridewell, they say, just pays its way and no more. There are 36 pensions in all. The only complaints received by the Governors as to the inadequacy of the pensions in present conditions are, we are assured, from two men—one, 53 and single, after 17 years' service with a final salary of £205, has a pension of £70 a year, and for six months received full salary while his pension was settled; the other, who had £303 a year in a responsible position, was awarded, in special circumstances, a pension of £200. This fairly summarises the defence.

Belfast Justice.

Before last year, Jane Braithwaite, of Belfast, employed a number of dressmakers. During the war her only son and child joined the Motor Corps, was wounded, and sent home to die. This calamity, according to those who knew Mrs. Braithwaite, affected her mind—she began to drink, and was last week charged before Mr. John Gray with stealing doormats, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. In another case, at the Belfast Assizes, before Lord Justice Moloney, four men were convicted of stealing and receiving 551 cogwheels and a large quantity of metal worth hundreds of pounds—and, in the name of mercy, his Lordship let them off on their own recognisances. Comparisons are odious.

A Muzzling Order?

Is it a fact that British prisoners returned from Germany have now to sign an undertaking before they land barring them from telling newspaper men or others about their conditions while interned? If this is so, who issued the Order, and did Lord Newton have a hand in it? Are our officials trying to save the Kaiser's face?

For That Fund.

A doctor writes to us concerning the death of a patient, a woman who contracted T.N.T. poisoning, and "died as surely for her country as any soldier." Her parents are poor, and our medical friend asks where he can obtain for them justice in the form of some compensation. It is but one out of many sad cases that, in our firm opinion, should be relieved from the Prince of Wales' Fund.

"Bringing the House Down."

In a certain town on a certain coast, bombarded and air-raided, a building suddenly collapsed. The owner, a widow, took it to be the inevitable result of several shake-ups, and applied for compensation, as the structure had been insured against war risks under the Government schemes. But the Committee will not pay. The claim should have been made immediately after the bombardment (though the house had not tumbled then!) and the assessors think the collapse was not due to any peril covered by the insurance. This official attitude revives the old conundrum: Did it fall, or was it pushed?

Sauce for the Propaganda.

The Government find some of their enemy aliens indispensable. But a British soldier, discharged with shrapnel in the lungs and working satisfactorily in the Recruiting Department, is dismissed when he states frankly on certain forms that he was born in Liverpool of German parents. One of his brothers was killed after 2 years and 9 months' service. Another is still fighting, after more than three years' service. We *are* a rummy nation!

A Brave Man.

Richard Bridge, of Oldham, a discharged soldier, suffering from chronic malarial fever, risked his own life by jumping into a pond in Oldham Park to save the life of a boy, who would certainly have been drowned. The Royal Humane Society declines to make any award, because the risk incurred was not sufficient. As Bridge cannot swim, was in up to his neck, and is a fever sufferer, we think the risk he ran was a pretty high one.

Cruelty Made Easy.

Two men beat four horses because they wouldn't go—first of all with their fists, then with "swishy sticks," then with notchy heavy sticks. One man, an Englishman, breaks the stick. The other, an Austrian prisoner (*sent by the Home Office*, nearly breaks a horse, so that there are weals on its ribs. The horses had been at work from 11 to 4.40 without food or water. Punishment? Don't be silly! Cases dismissed. Where? Guildford County Petty Sessions! Good old Guildford!

Who Froo Dat Brick?

The Bristol Branch of the Operative Bricklayers are—what shall we say?—unpatriotic? Pro-German? in fining a member £2 8s. 9d. and threatening him with expulsion because he worked overtime on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, laying down a special plant for a new type of munitions. "Dora," dear! isn't such pressure illegal?

Plans for Neutrals.

We are all forbidden to send abroad postcards with views of buildings or maps, but Scandinavians seem to have printed cards of their own to supply the deficiency. We have one in black and white, which gives a plan of the docks at Grimsby. It was found on a Norwegian vessel when it made its maiden voyage to this country. It is an anomalous proceeding to prohibit such things and yet permit them to be issued from Grimsby.

Empty Coal Trucks.

If he can do so without disarranging the war, will Sir Albert Stanley, the eminent season-ticket expert, be good enough to explain why the guards of certain goods trains have received instructions not to bring back empty coal wagons for a large number of collieries on a list before us? Empty depots are portentous of great scarcity of coal during the coming winter; why, then, is the Railway Executive refusing to carry coal now? Though rumour has it that there is a strike on in some of the pits, we have not noticed any shrieking headlines about it in the newspapers.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Lord Milner, Secretary of State for War.

DEAR LORD MILNER,—Are you really aware of the now long-continued sense of injustice under which many gallant officers in the thick of the fighting are labouring? They are held up in the promotion which they so justly deserve, because of officers senior to them who are employed at home and have never seen a shot fired in anger. I cannot believe, although I have been told, that parsimony is the stumbling-block to justice. Give all you can in rank and pay to the officer who is risking all, and earn his gratitude and the country's approval by cutting away the obstacles which regulations and red-tape impose.

JOHN BULL.

To E. J. Gaskell, Esq., Vice-Chairman, Holywell R.D.C.

DEAR SIR,—It is, of course, very charming of you to appoint a member of your own body—Mr. Hopwood—to the paid position of Fuel Overseer under the Council, even when a young discharged soldier is also in for the job. But some people may have other and nastier names for it. Whether or not Hopwood afterwards resigns doesn't matter a tinker's cuss. By the bye, is it legal?

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor Morgan Jones, Bargoed, Glamorganshire.

DEAR "CONCHY,"—There seems to be no limit to your hardy impudence. A confessed pro-Germhun and an avowed traitor to the national cause, you have actually allowed yourself to be nominated as a "Labour" Candidate for the Caerphilly Division. Fortunately, the local Labour Party have had the good sense to choose someone with cleaner hands to carry their banner at the next election; but the fact that you should have entered the field at all says a good deal for the toughness of your hide. Why the authorities do not put a stop to your disloyal activities by a prosecution under the Defence of the Realm Act is more than I can guess.

JOHN BULL.

To J. O. Marsh & E. Foster, Abergavenny Police Court.

GENTLEMEN,—Richard Griffiths was before you the other day charged with a dastardly and disgusting assault on a young girl. You fined him £5, instead of sending him to gaol for a long term, because he had a good character from the Army. The same man was before you again the same day charged with leading a gang in unprovoked assault on a labourer. That cost the brute 20s. or 14 days. My dear Justice Simples, *don't you see what you are letting us in for?*

JOHN BULL.

To William Yorkewick, Warneford Place, Leamington.

DEAR ALIEN,—In my opinion you got off far too easily when charged at Leamington with an assault on a soldier's wife. It appears that, when calling to collect the rent, you behaved in a disgraceful manner, using coarse language, and finally knocking the woman down. For this gross outrage a fine of £2 was far too light a penalty. Let us hope that next time you lose your nasty temper with a tenant, you will find a man at home. By the way, what is your nationality? You seem rather a Hunnish type.

JOHN BULL.

To Ernest Jackling, Esq., Executive Officer, Food Control Committee, Beckenham.

SIR,—On the hearing of certain summonses against Beckenham butchers for infringements of the Meat Sales Orders, the Bromley Magistrates were so disgusted with the methods of the prosecution that they declined to grant costs against the defendants. It appears that, in one case at any rate, a girl employed in the local Food Office was sent into a shop for the express purpose of trapping the butcher into a breach of the Orders. Apparently you were responsible for this rather shabby bit of detective work. Haven't you anything better to do?

JOHN BULL.

To Ernest C. Rolls, Esq., Strand Theatre, London.

DEAR MR. ROLLS,—That is an excellent idea of yours to run Hut Theatricals in all the camps of the country in association with the Y.M.C.A. I particularly like the idea of dressing all the "talent" from among the men themselves and the women, too, where there are "Wrens" and "Waacs," to give the real feminine touch to the performances. If, as I understand, Gilbert and Sullivan operas may be attempted—and why not?—don't forget "The Yeoman of the Guard"; it is so finely patriotic. Good luck,—and congrats on the success of the "Hidden Hand."

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor H. C. Child, Mayor of Ramsgate.

DEAR MAYOR,—In regard to the wages of your general employees, you do not appear to be erring on the side of generosity. When it is a question of a shilling or two extra for a workman or a clerk, there is a wonderful lot of talk about the "burdened ratepayers" and the need for economy in these hard times. Yet I notice that when the Chief Constable was out for a rise, you cheerfully recommended the Council to grant £50 now and similar increments for the next two years. "To him that hath shall be given," I suppose; but it doesn't seem quite fair.

JOHN BULL.

To A. R. Duckering, Esq., J.P., Kirton-in-Lindsey.

DEAR SIR,—That was a capital testimonial you gave to Mr. Stanley Fox Kirk, a discharged soldier, who was in the running for the post of Executive Officer to the local Food Control Committee. Unfortunately, however, you appear to have changed your mind. At the eleventh hour you withdrew the fine testimonial you had been at the pains of writing, the applicant being thus deprived of the benefit of your distinguished recommendation. Finally, I see a person called Duckering—same name as yourself—was appointed. Any relation?

JOHN BULL.

'TWIXT DEVIL AND DEEP SEA.

THE DAMNING DILEMMA OF A DISCHARGED SOLDIER.

According to all the documents and facts before us, ex-Sergeant Richard Jewell, late of the Royal Artillery, has got badly caught 'twixt the Devil and the deep sea—or, to be more polite and precise, between the War Office and Woolwich Arsenal. Jewell, who had been a principal foreman of a National Filling Factory, applied to the War Office for an official appointment on munitions of war. His military record and qualifications, within the limits of his pretensions, being unquestionable, and his character on discharge from the Army on 1st September, 1915, very good, an official of the War Office gave him an interview, endorsed his papers: "Mr. R. Jewell for position as Second-Class Examiner," and instructed him to report to the Inspection Department at Woolwich. Promptly, without even a special meeting of the Cabinet or the War Council, he was invited on the spot to accept work as a labourer, and this so took his breath away that you might have knocked him down with a feather. When he got his second wind, as it were, he reminded the Inspection Department that he was recommended by Whitehall for a Second-Class Examiner, so, "after considerable argument," he says, they fixed him up as a Fourth-Class Probationary Examiner. Pretty nearly everybody is an Examiner of sorts at Woolwich, we have always understood, and it may be that the only Second-Class Examinership vacant was wanted by a high official for his sister's uncle. Anyway, "I found myself," says Jewell, "subordinate to an Overlooker, an A1 'General Service' man exempted as indispensable, but who before the war had not the faintest conception of what a shell contained"; which, of course, may come from being a peaceful man in the butchery line or an expert in the sale of beer or periwinkles. Jewell "stuck to it" for seven weeks—then, having an offer of an appointment with a firm of public works contractors, he wrote to the D.I.G.A. (S.) asking permission to leave in order to take up the job. "My letter—copy herewith—passed through various offices till it finally reached the Inspecting Office (Civilian), under whose jurisdiction I was. The inquiry addressed to him was: 'Can you release this man?'" Apparently Jewell had lost touch with the proper etiquette in these matters. He should have taken the shortest cut by the longest way round. Instead of addressing himself boldly to the Head Office, he should first have made grovelling obeisance to the foreman, who would have then passed him on down the left corridor, up the right lift, down the coal-cellar, and over the roof to the sanctum of the Keeper of the Red Tape, and so onward to his distant goal. "Undoubtedly, prompted by the foreman," alleges Jewell, the Inspecting Officer reported on the release application, "'Seeing what a big man he is, priding himself on his qualifications and violating regulations by writing Head Office, he is of no use to me.'" Having received this report, the foreman read it to Jewell in the presence of the other Probationary Examiners, "and gloated over it." We can imagine that gloat. "To that insult," comments Jewell, finally, "I addressed a further letter to the D.I.G.A. (S.), asking for a settlement of wages due. I took my discharge yesterday, and am now out of employment, as the post offered to me by the firm I have mentioned has been given to somebody else. Nobody is more detested at the Arsenal than a discharged soldier, particularly if he happens to be an experienced man, and he is outed at the first opportunity by indispensables shirking military service." We have heard that story so often, and in such detail, that we cannot disbelieve it. In this particular case, of course, the ex-Sergeant "outed" himself, but the facts, as they are before us, are still another revelation of the handicaps which discharged soldiers of good qualifications for responsible posts have to face at the Arsenal.

"LOCH, LOCH, AHOY!"

WORK THAT WANTS WATCHING.

The tragi-comedy of the Loch Doon scheme—its sudden abandonment as useless after the wanton waste of a mint of money—will be well in the public mind. There is another scheme in progress in connection with another Loch, and we invite prompt and careful inquiry into it, so as to avoid any possibility of one more expensive fiasco. A seaplane station is being erected. Thousands of pounds have gone in putting up huts and other buildings, road-making, and the usual preliminaries. Later, somebody started to study the Loch itself, from which seaplanes are to ascend. There is a doubt whether it can be made to hold enough water to make it safe for the "landing" of seaplanes of any type. That question should have been settled before a penny was spent, but it turned up only as an after-thought. A dam was erected, to increase the height of the water, but such increase would not be sufficient for large 'planes. It is calculated that two more feet of water are required. If the arrangements to secure this are not set about with proper care and skill, the district stands a fair chance of flood. Then there is the matter of a jetty, to run into the Loch. We require an assurance that it is being rightly constructed; the faults, we fear, would render it practically useless. If this seaplane station is to be a success, the work needs handling by really competent experts, who will begin at the beginning and master the problem of the water before incurring huge expenditure on another failure. For seven months men have been toiling, and yet nothing seems sure or safe. More skilled men are called for, but skilled men are already on the spot—men who see what is being done wrongly, but who cannot speak a word about it because they are under the orders of ignorant people. It is disheartening that, with the dearly-bought experience which has attended other similar experiments, it should be possible for such circumstantial allegations to be made by people with intimate knowledge of what is going on.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

A PLEA FOR THE WOMAN WORKER.

"Hundreds of marriages are taking place now for the sake of the separation allowance, not with the idea of populating our country. Surely the country could help the young lives already here?" This is one of the sentences in a letter which a Cambridge woman has written to us—a woman in a Government office in Cambridge, that is. Her life's story is very much of a tragedy. Married to a man—during the war an officer in the Army—whom her doctor ultimately condemned as so mentally and physically diseased as to be unsafe to live with, she divorced him and was then thrown upon the world with two boys, 8 and 9 years old, upon her hands. After a struggle, she managed to obtain a post, as we have said, in Cambridge.

Here comes the gravamen of her plea, so far as she calls for our "big voice" to express it: "One hears a lot," she continues, "of inflated Government pay, but not to its ordinary women clerks. Our pay here, with war bonus, is 34s. a week, and you can imagine how impossible it is to bring two boys up decently on this sum. Something should be done to help us to bring up our children decently. It is easy for a healthy woman to obtain employment, but could not the Government adopt a sliding-scale wage for women workers with entirely dependent children?" They could, certainly, but what is really needed, and what must and will come in the future, is that the State should be *in loco parentis* to the dependent children of women workers a great deal more than it has hitherto been or thought of being. It is essential to the Reconstruction—to that New Kingdom towards which all of us daily strain our eyes in hope.

LAW WITHOUT EQUITY.

HEAVY PENALTIES FOR TRIFLING OFFENCES.

In the administration of the Food Orders there is gross inequality between the various London boroughs. In Battersea, as we recently showed, a dishonest tradesman may "steal a horse" with relative impunity; but in Fulham the trader who "looks over the hedge" is sure to meet a constable. The principal terror there is Police-Sergeant Edwards. If ever there is the smallest hitch in the checking of coupons, or in the weighing out of meat or butter—for accidents may occur quite innocently in the best regulated establishments—P.S. Edwards is sure to be on the doorstep, notebook in hand, ready to pounce like a hawk on its unsuspecting prey. It is nothing for this enterprising officer to have nine or ten of these cases to present to the Bench in a single morning, and we notice that they are almost always of a most trivial character, while in some instances there is no evidence of wrongful intent.

Occasionally these purely technical offences are heavily visited by the Magistrates, as in a recent prosecution for selling bacon without coupons, where the evidence was such as to satisfy any reasonably-minded person that a mistake had arisen through pure inadvertence. Although there was nothing previously known against the shopkeeper, the Magistrate, Mr. E. C. P. Boyd, fined him £7 and the customer 40s., penalties for which certainly there was no just occasion. It is right that deliberate breaches of the Rationing Orders should be sharply punished, but it would be as well if the Fulham police were instructed to give shopkeepers a preliminary warning before instituting proceedings for trifling breaches of the law.

HEARTLESS MAGISTRATES.

BOY HERO'S UNHAPPY PLIGHT.

Benjamin Barber, of Huddersfield, with two brothers fighting in France, is just over 15, but he has already served and suffered; certainly the lad deserves something better than the treatment he received at the Holyhead Police Court. The poor boy is recovering from shell-shock, and as all who have studied these painful cases will readily understand, is not always quite accountable for his actions. At Holyhead he was charged with travelling on the London and North Western Railway without a ticket. Probably his action was in no way premeditated, and in the circumstances the Magistrates, Lieut. Pearson, Messrs. Owen Roberts, O. R. Williams, and David Evans, might very well have overlooked the technical offence.

Instead, this young hero, wearing a wound stripe and broken in nerve through the brutal shock of war, was remanded for seven days to the County Gaol. Not for their lives could these thick-headed Magistrates escape the conclusion that the boy was just a common criminal. Not for a moment would they recognise that injuries received in the defence of his country—in defence of their own lives and comfort—were mainly accountable for his unhappy situation. A week later, when Barber again appeared before the Holyhead Bench, a further insult awaited him. Anxious by this time to wash their hands of the case, the Magistrates bundled the lad off to the Workhouse, there to await the arrival of his widowed mother. Yet this was one of those cases in which a little practical help and sympathy might have made all the difference to the brave boy's future. Unfortunately, these Holyhead Magistrates are not built that way.

AFTER FOUR YEARS!

The long, long trail.

HOW NOW, SIR PECKSNIFF?

ANTI-INTERNMENT CRANK AND PROFITEERING.

Sir Henry Lewis, of Bangor, City Councillor and Magistrate, may not be the sworn friend of the Germhuns in our midst, but at any rate he wishes them no particular harm. At a recent meeting of the Bangor City Council there was a full-dress debate on the subject. "Great Britain," observed Sir Henry, "had been the refuge of Sovereigns from time to time, and was the refuge of Germans who would not care to return to their country." To kick them out or to lock them up would obviously be most impolite. The Council was composed of "educated Christian men," and "they would err in the maintenance of those principles for which they had stood for a lifetime if the resolution was carried." However, we notice that the City Council had the good sense to carry the internment resolution by twelve to six.

Sir Henry "carries on business" as Sir Henry Lewis, Ltd., wholesale corn and flour merchants. Within a very short period of the enemy alien debate, we find the Company twice in trouble for selling oats at excess prices. Sir Henry accepted responsibility, and pleaded, in the first case—at Llanrwst—that the amounts improperly paid had been refunded, but apparently this virtuous restitution was not made till "after the visit of the Food Control officials." A fine of £40 and costs was imposed. In the second case—before the Bench of which he himself is a member—there were 13 specific summonses in respect of 41 separate offences. For the defence it was explained that Sir Henry Lewis did not bother his head about the price of oats. How can a man be expected to follow the details of the Grain Prices Order, 1917, when he has to spend his time, thought and energy preparing speeches urging the Government to deal gently with the Huns? Upon each summons there was a fine of 5s. only. And very cheap, too. We may assume that the Magistrates were "educated Christians," otherwise Sir Henry would not have been sitting with them. He would ask to be excused. He would rather be associated with a nice-minded Germhun

SLAVES OF THE SHELL.

PRUSSIANISM FOR YOUNG MUNITION WORKERS.

Britain will be to-morrow what her children are to-day. Then what do you think of this: According to the statement of the Secretary for Scotland (Mr. Munro), some 84 boys from the Kibble Reformatory School, Paisley, are employed at certain munition works in Scotland, doing general labouring, day and night shifts. We are in a position, however, to amplify and in some respects to correct the information of the right honourable gentleman. The boys are certified to have passed the statutory school-leaving age of 14—those on night shift to be over 16. But, "so small of stature and so juvenile in appearance are they for the most part," that the men employed at the works are very sceptical about that. The general labouring work on which they are employed consists mainly in transporting shells by trolley, "one of the most laborious jobs" (to quote the men again) "*if not actually the heaviest job in the works.*" A fully-loaded truck weighs about 7 cwt. The normal night shift is for 12 hours. Toolsetters and "plant" engineers work 12½ hours. *The Kibble boys work* 13 *hours* from 7 p.m. to 8 a.m.—staying on for an hour to remove the shell-cuttings from the machines.

The normal day shift is 9½ hours. *Many of the Kibble boys work* 10½ *hours after* 12½ *hours.* The boys earn 4d. per hour, plus an output bonus. The wages are paid direct to the school, and a proportion of the money (Mr. Munro says not less than one-third) is placed to their credit, and refunded when the lads leave the institution upon reaching their 18th year. Each boy is given 6d. a week pocket-money. They are marched to and from the works in military formation, accompanied by a warder. They are coarsely, though comfortably, clothed. They are fed on the plainest food. Certain offences—such as smoking—are punished by the *close cropping of the hair.* We cannot allow ourselves to let loose our indignation at this gross betrayal of the guardianship of these boys. Let the facts speak for themselves. War exigencies excuse much, but this cannot be necessary.

COUNCILS AND CORRUPTION.

ORGY OF JOBBERY THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

The different systems of rations and controls necessitate the appointment of innumerable Officers, and all over the country is seen the disappointing and shameless pitch-forking into those berths of men who already hold posts under the Councils concerned. Spalding shows how it is done. The Urban Council offered the job of Coal Officer to its Surveyor; should he not accept, the Sanitary Inspector was to have second chance. The Rural Council gave the Coal work to their Relieving Officer, who is also their Food Officer. The Urban Council says, as there is so much work to be done, a Clerk will also be appointed. And in that way the wheeze is wangled elsewhere. An official of a Council already getting a good salary, and already having his useful occupied, takes the new post and the new salary. Often the Clerk is related to a Councillor, and often he wants assistants, who are frequently sons or daughters or wives of Councillors or Officials.

SET THEM FREE!

ENGLISH GIRLS WITH HUN HUSBANDS.

What are they going to do about the British-born wives of Huns? There are plenty of poor women who want to be released from the hateful bond. Here, for example, is a case: An Englishwoman had her brute of a German husband before the Courts in the first year of their marriage (six years ago) for cruelty, for failing to maintain her, and for desertion. She has never lived with him since. Her only child died. The husband is to be deported. She, of course, refuses to go to Germany, as she is British to the core. But consider her case. She is sick of trying to get a divorce, for the Courts refuse to let her sue as a poor person ("wages all told 24s. a week"), and she can't afford the usual fees. So there she is, "neither maid, wife, nor widow"—an English girl with a German name! The poor thing is so desperate that she writes us: "There is only one thing left for me to do—make a hole in the river; then I shall be hidden." Oh, dry-as-dust, red tape bureaucrats, what do you think of it? Can you do nothing for this poor girl and the thousands like her?

SCANDALOUS DELAYS.

WAR PENSIONS COMMITTEE AND PATIENT WIDOW.

From Bosham, near Chichester, comes a strange pensions story. Living there is a soldier's widow, with four children, three below the age of 15. Her late husband fought in South Africa. In the first months or two of the struggle with Germany, the good fellow rejoined the Army voluntarily. But after a few weeks he was sent on sick leave. Evidently the spirit was stronger than the flesh for in July, 1915, he again joined the fighting ranks, and it was not till the following year that he was finally discharged. This good man died in April, 1917, his condition of health having doubtless been aggravated by war service, yet up till now his widow has received no pension.

On July 24th last, fifteen months after the poor fellow's death, Mrs. Martin, the Chairwoman of the local War Pensions Committee, wrote: "Your case has not yet come before the Committee. When it does, if they decide that you have any claim, it would go to the Ministry of Pensions, and it might be weeks, if not months, before we heard anything from them, so I am afraid you will have to exercise much patience, as all these things take a long time." It would be more to her credit if Mrs. Martin, instead of prating of patience, were to persuade the War Pensions Committee of which she is Chairwoman to use a little more dispatch.

THE SILENC

Five Craven Culprits—We Name

By [illegible]

SURELY there could be no more startling illustration of the depths to which public life and public morals have sunk, under the blight of the effete system of government and of German propaganda, which prevailed before the war, than the guilty silence of various persons in high positions, whose malpractices and misconduct we have recently exposed. And when, in addition, some of them are publicly whitewashed by Ministers of the Crown, who cynically admit that they would not hesitate to do some of the things we have revealed, it is surely time for the people to ask themselves whether, at the next General Election, they should not make a clean sweep of the whole of the Old Gang, and not merely of one section of it. There are five individuals who to-day stand self-condemned, and I will name them again and state specifically my charges against them, repeating that they have their choice, if what I say is false, between recovering substantial damages from this journal, or sending me to gaol :—

MR. LEVERTON HARRIS—Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Blockade. I charge him with utilising his position as a member of the Government to obtain trading and other advantages for a firm of which he was the principal member, and I say that his conduct in so doing was dishonourable, dishonest and unpatriotic; and I further say that he ought not to remain a member of the Government another hour.

MRS. LEVERTON HARRIS—I charge this lady, the wife of the Minister just mentioned, with being a person of enemy association and of pro-German sympathies. I charge her with having endeavoured to obtain special facilities for visiting German prisoners in whom she is interested—"without supervision and without any restriction of time"—and I say she should be interned forthwith.

PRINCESS LOEWENSTEIN WERTHEIM—I charge this lady, who is a sister-in-law of Mr. Leverton Harris, with being a pro-German and a person of enemy association, who has been in constant touch with German prisoners of war, and has done her best to aid and abet them to escape from custody; and I say it is a crying shame that in view of her record—well known to the police and the Home Office—she should recently have been re-naturalised as a British subject. I call upon the Home Secretary to cancel her certificate of re-naturalisation, and to order her internment.

ALBERT STOPFORD—This man, who resides at the Carlton Hotel, London, and is an official Courier, I charge with being a person of depraved and debased sexual proclivities, and a defiler of young men in the King's Army, whom he has aided and abetted to become deserters for the gratification of his own foul lust. I say that he should be dismissed the public service and put on his trial.

CECIL ARTHUR SAMTER—I charge this man, who has been an officer in the R.A.F., with being a person of precisely the same character as that I have attributed to Stopford, and I make the same suggestion as to the proper treatment to be accorded to him.

Now I trust I have been sufficiently explicit in my allegations. No other journal, I am aware, would have the courage to make them, and yet the facts are well known. Am I doing wrong in bringing them to light? Heaven knows, as I have already said, I am no Purist, or Puritan, and I hate Vigilance Societies and all similar abominations. It is, however, because these cancers in our Government and Administrative Departments, and in certain sections of Society, are some of the manifestations of the activities of that Hidden Hand which the Lord Chancellor tells us does not exist—and because [illegible] insidious contributing cause of our delay in bringing this ghastly war to a victorious end—that I pillory and proclaim these individuals. I have taken them as samples of their kind. There are plenty more. Will the Government compel me to expose them? I sincerely trust not. I am not unmindful of the fair name of my country, and it is largely because most of the scandals with which I am now dealing can be directly traced to German propaganda and influence, that I make the enemy a present of the list. But I disown all responsibility for the attitude of the Government. "Mr. Leverton Harris," says Mr. Bonar Law, "has done nothing dishonourable—nothing I would not have done myself." In other words, the Leader of the House of Commons tells us that he would not hesitate to use his official position to obtain valuable facilities and contracts for a firm in which he was one of the principal proprietors. And when we come to think of it—but let that pass! I suppose in the same way Mr. Bonar Law would see nothing wrong in *Mrs.* Leverton Harris visiting her "half-English boy," von Plessen, who was arrested on his way to Germany to fight against us—and seeking special concessions in order that she might be alone with him and remain as long as she chose. And, apparently, the Government, in granting re-naturalisation to Princess Loewenstein, sees nothing wrong in the conduct of this individual, as set out once more below. Whilst, however, I dismiss Ministers as hopeless, I have some confidence in the Director of Public Prosecutions, and I cannot believe that, in view of their tacit admissions of guilt he will allow the men Stopford and Samter to remain at large. All our evidence is being placed freely at the disposal of the police, and I call upon them to act without delay. And now let me take each of these craven culprits separately, recapitulating the evidence against them.

The Worse Half of the Story.

So far as concerns Mr. Leverton Harris, it is not denied that he went out of his way to secure cabling facilities for the firm of Harris and Dixon, in which he was the largest shareholder, without disclosing his interest when seeking the privilege. Never at any time in the course of the correspondence which he thought fit to conduct did he reveal that all-important fact, although he was most artfully careful to impress the Cable Censor with his official position and wrote his letters on the notepaper of his Department. He even went so far as to give the assurance that all he demanded was in the national interest—an assurance which, on the face of it, could have been made by any of his rivals in the shipping business—rivals whom his firm was able to outwit and thereby secure most valuable business denied to others. But that official correspondence which was read in the House of Commons and led to the raiding of the offices of the Member who was man enough to read it, revealed only half—and not the worse half—of the story of the Harris and Dixon manœuvres. The way in which they secured the contract for coal for the United States forces in France, in spite of official protests, is creditable to none concerned. It was obtained in flagrant violation of the British Government's own policy of "pooling" the shipment of coal for the Allies by the various exporting firms. Moreover, it gave them an advantage which they have used to the full. As I understand the position to-day, Harris and Dixon are the shippers for practically all that is needed by the American troops. So far as Mr. Bonar Law's attempt not only to condone but to justify Mr. Leverton Harris's part in these different transactions is concerned, the Unionist Leader evidently possesses a very hazy idea of what is expected of a Minister of the Crown. He puts it forward with an air of triumph that Mr. Leverton Harris has neither offered nor has been asked to resign. I tell the Prime Minister quite frankly that such standards of conduct and such shady proceedings as have been revealed by this case will be a source of real weakness to him when he asks, for the first time, for the confidence of the country at a General Election.

Methods of the Guilty.

Let it be remembered that the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Blockade—the one department of the Government, by the way, which had it in its power to starve the Hun and failed to do it—who thinks it fitting to use his Ministerial position for personal gain, is the same gentleman who stories in the enemy antics of Mrs. Leverton Harris. When the country was astonished and

E OF GUILT!

hem Again—Put Them in the Dock.

/ DITOR.

disgusted by the revelations at the Court Martial on Lieut. Canning, whose sole offence was protesting against the criminal leniency to interned Germans of "noble" birth, Mr. Harris went out of his way to justify his wife's conduct. So far as the lady herself is concerned, she has evidently acted under the same political influences as have kept him guiltily silent in face of our charges and attacks. "Both Liberal and Conservative Ministers" have advised her to ignore the whole matter. You see the game. However guilty you may be, sit tight and do nothing in the hope that the public mind may be diverted by some new revelation, something quite as shameful—the re-naturalisation, for instance, of Mrs. Leverton Harris's marriage relation, H.S.H. Princess Loewenstein. This lady, who cared so much for England, the country of her birth, that for years she remained a German widow, has been re-naturalised in spite of her grave offence against the State. Like Mrs. Leverton Harris, she has visited these German lordlings at the Lofthouse internment camp, and it was after one such call that she went under a false name and address to a Manchester hotel, and then visited an aeroplane factory in order to secure, in the shortest possible time, a machine that would seat four persons and carry them invisibly. It was the firm she called on with the astonishing request for an aeroplane with engines of 200 horse-power (capable of flying to Germany) who gave her away to the police—all credit to them.

One Law for the Rich.

This Princess, guilty of this grave offence—an unnaturalised enemy travelling without a permit and making lying declarations as to her name and residence—has been rewarded, not by the imprisonment which she so richly deserved, but by the grant of the privilege of regaining the nationality of the country she has insulted by her criminal conduct. Now when she goes to visit von Plessen, Mrs. Leverton Harris's "half-English boy," who tried to tunnel his way out of the internment camp—where, too, the dirty spy, von Nettlebladt, is reposing in comfort and ease—she, being rid of police supervision, will be able to travel without fear of questioning, and can seek to buy aeroplanes for four persons capable of flying to the land of the hated enemy, without revealing her German taint. By the way, what is her *name* now? We must keep our eyes on any attempt to hide "Loewenstein." Note, this woman and Mrs. Harris can visit "noble" German prisoners, take them cakes and fruit and anything else with impunity, and be rewarded for their trouble. And yet I read that:—

> Two domestic servants who gave cigarettes and tobacco to German prisoners and communicated with them "for a bit of devilment and because the men said they were lonely," were at Wallasey sent to prison for three months.

The correspondent who sends me that recent newspaper cutting makes comments too caustic even for these columns. But what, I ask, does the ordinary decent English man and woman, who hates the Hun and who is neither a Minister of the Crown nor a Minister's wife, nor the widow of a German prince, think of this gross and dangerous partiality? If the Prime Minister desires—and I believe he does—to root out Hun influence and to prove to the country that he will have no truck with man or woman, however influential or however "highly placed," who is friendly to Germany or partial to German interests—then he should put his foot down on the offensive leniency to women of the type of Mrs. Leverton Harris and the re-naturalised Princess. What the public want to believe is that Mr. Lloyd George is in earnest, and that he is as disgusted as the average honest man is disgusted with the repeated evidence that there are powers and persons at work to screen those who are rightly denounced for their enemy predelictions and associations. Again, why have I felt it my public duty to expose the doings of Stopford and Samter? Because they were not only guilty of degrading practices, but were ready to see a young Scots Guardsman suffer for a military offence committed, if not at their bidding, with their connivance. That private is to-day serving a sentence of six months' imprisonment in the Wandsworth Detention Barracks. He would have been sentenced to a much longer term but for that despairing appeal from his wife, which brought us upon the scene. But while the lad is suffering imprisonment, these degraded creatures are still at large in the streets of London, free to continue their abominable association with any young soldier who is weak enough to fall a victim to their "hospitality" and their bribes. When the well-dressed and "aristocratic" Stopford, who can boast of his blue blood, came to our office with lies on his lips, he thought he proved the truth of his story and the innocence of his action by declaring that since our first article, "Vice and the Victim," appeared he had paid for two Australians to visit the opera and had "drunk beer with them." That kind of bravado is the bravado of guilt.

Stopford's Lying Professions.

Of course, we were not the slightest bit impressed by Stopford's professions that "there was nothing wrong" in his relations with the Guardsman. *Everything* was wrong, and his unguarded exclamation that "A—— would never do me down" was the real index to the guilty mind. That lure of sex perversion is so strong that even now a man of the type of Stopford—this aristocratic defiler of youth at 58 years of age—will not stay his practices though he is denounced by us and the police are on his track. We can quite believe that "Bertie" Stopford—at least one of his victims was, however, told to call him "David"—could defy our first exposure by taking young soldiers to the opera. We have evidence that he has gone very much further *since* we publicly named him—and, what is more, we have placed that evidence in the hands of the police. I have had a good deal of experience in legal matters, and I am quite ready to admit that information sufficient to justify denunciation of a scoundrel in the Press may not in itself be of a character to satisfy a cautious Public Prosecutor. But you have this damning fact. In the pages of JOHN BULL in three successive issues this creature Stopford, and the equally vicious and disgusting Samter, have been held up to public obloquy—branded as loathsome degenerates.

Self-Accusing Silence.

What do they do? So far as Samter is concerned, we have heard nothing. He might be dead for all he cares for his reputation, and public justice might be dead too for all that has been done to lay the scoundrel by the heels. Is it possible that creatures—defilers of manhood—may live and move and have their being when such criminal charges are levelled at them, and yet maintain a cringing and a guilty silence? Must we be forced to the conclusion that vice of this kind is so rife that the authorities fear the revelation of its full extent? That fine old sportsman, the late Marquis of Queensberry, was forced to denounce Oscar Wilde to the porter of his Club before that gross and bestial pervert was goaded into criminal proceedings. Queensberry lacked the publicity of a great organ of the Press. Fortunately, I am differently placed, and I am using my position with the deliberate object of hounding such creatures as Stopford and Samter out of social life. It might be counted to "Bertie" the—well, "pervert," for courage that he *did* visit the offices of JOHN BULL. But it was the visit of a guilty man, made in the despairing hope that he might create a good impression and so shut down further attacks upon his degraded character—a hope which he sought to buttress by hinting in one of his letters that he was about to consult an eminent K.C.—who by the irony of fate happens to be standing Counsel to the proprietors of this journal. Stopford's very first words to us betrayed him. With flushed face, he proclaimed that the Guardsman who would not "do him down" had not inserted his name in that desperate appeal to me through his wife—"someone else must have done it." That letter is available at any time to the authorities. And here I leave the unsavoury topic—commending Stopford and Samter to the attention of Sir Charles Mathews—and Messrs. Leverton Harris and Loewenstein to that of the Prime Minister and Home Secretary. I have done *my* part—let them do theirs!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

Wot, you blown in again, me lord? I should 'ave thought you'd 'ave 'ad more sense. You know it ain't no good you comin' 'ere. If I remember right, I refused you the larst time. *Then* I thought you was just a silly, unpatriotic ole man. That was w'en you'd written yore first letter about arrangin' peace with the pore Germans. Now I see you've bin doin' of it again, and I'm beginnin' to think you ain't only silly, but dangerous. . . . It's no good, me lord. You can neither frown me down with yore 'aughty airs or shut me up with yore aristocratic bullyin'. I'm a democrat and a British patriot, and the accident o' birth wot give you a coronet on yore 'ead and me a barber's apron round me Darby Kelly ain't nuthink to me. I takes a man fur wot 'e's worth, and now we're at wore with the vermin of the human race I takes a man first of all fur wot 'e's worth to 'is country and the cause of the Allies. Now, accordin' to that standard you ain't worth two penn'orth o' gin, 'ot or cold—if you could git it, w'ich you can't, not at no price. Just w'en the Allied Armies in Frawnce are flushed and 'icked by the pritty bit o' work they've done in checkin' the 'Uns' advance on Paris; just w'en the boss Boches must be wonderin' w'ether the game arfter all is worth the candle, and w'en the Kaiser's tail must be considerable lower than it was a couple o' months ago; in short, jist w'en we're beginnin' to git a bit of our own back and the American leds are comin' over in large parcels to 'elp wipe up the mess made by the 'Uns in four years of stupid slaughter, *you* must butt in again with one o' yore miserable, w'imperin' letters and give the enemy grounds to 'ope that they *may* manage to crawl out of the consequences of their devilish crimes arfter all. You give the swines fresh 'eart, me lord, w'ich, to my mind, is nuthink more or less then aidin' and abettin' the enemy, and oughter be punished accordin'. . . . Lis'n to *me*. *I'm* doin' the torkin' at present, if you don't mind. The fact yore a lord or a marquis don't trouble me. We're all bloo-blooded now. Wot you as good as say in yore letter is, that as we've proved we can "'old our own" against the 'Uns, the sooner we stop fightin' the better. Is that *orl* we've gotter do against the Germans—'*old our own*? 'Ave you forgotten the *Lusitania*? 'As the savage murder of pore, gentle Nurse Cavell faded from yore recollection? 'As the case of Captain Fryatt slipped yore memory? Will "'oldin' our own" pay for them unspeakable crimes? Will "'oldin' our own" justify the sacrifice of thousands of brave young lives? Will "'oldin' our own" repair the wrongs done to Belgum, Servia, Roumania, not to speak of France an' cetra? W'y, you must be in yore dottige! W'en a murderer runs amuck among civilised people, is it enough if they can "'old their own" against 'im? Bah! 'Tosh an' piffle! I tell you a letter like yores ain't worthy of a man. It's the sorter letter you'd expect a w'ite-livered pacifist, or a bit o' chewed string to write. I tell you wot we've gotter do to the 'Uns. We've gotter knock 'em out—clean! They're gittin a bit groggy at larst, and we ain't goin' to let any weak-kneed Party politician step in an' call "Time!" until the German bully is down an' counted out. Now you kin' git out; an' I don't wanter see yore perishin' face in my shop again. 'Op it!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"World's Fair":—
"In memory of Edith, wife of —— ——, died July 11th, 1917. Now Gone All is in Peace."

"Dundee Courier" (letter to Editor):—
"A general election cannot be far off. We have appealed to the heads and the hearts of our members in vain. Let us now appeal to their seats."

"Thomson's Weekly News":—
"Diana Croft . . . was being told she was not the child of her parents."

"Young Soldier":—
"They may be found working to-day in practically the five hemispheres, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia."

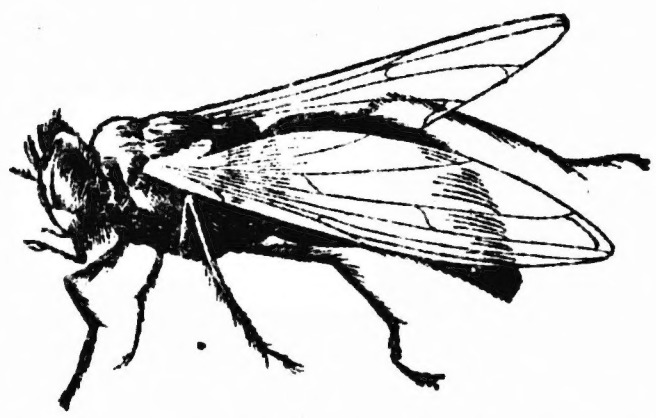
"Whitby Gazette":—
"The bridesmaids carried bouquets of best man."

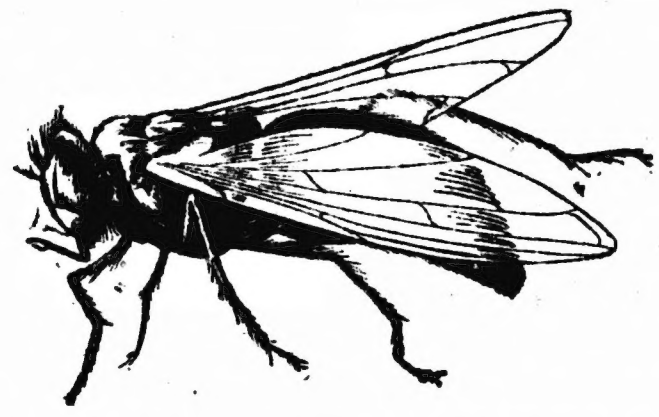
"Glasgow Herald":—
"The passengers had just finished breakfast, and it was a beautiful summer evening."

"Shields Daily Gazette and Shipping Telegraph" (racing result):—
"The Moderate Two-Year-Old Plate of 50 sovs.—Five furlongs. . . . Won by a short head. Three-quarters of a Mile separated second and third."

"Irish Independent":—
"Constable Tighe said he read the charge over to them when arrested. . . . Replying to the Chairman, the constable said he meant to say he read it from memory."

"Lloyd's News Home Novels":—
"We both have soldier's veins in our blood."





FLIES CANNOT HARM FOOD IF YOU USE "MILTON"

Extract from "Good Health."

"How many have considered the real meaning of that dark fly speck
"on the wall or the window-pane, or, perchance, on a lump of sugar?
"The microscope reveals a mass of putrid matter reeking with germs
"of various kinds, including those capable of producing disease."

Flies carry bacteria on feet and legs, but chiefly disseminate disease through their droppings. Flies will avoid foodstuffs which have been treated with Milton as directed, and Milton immediately dissolves fly-blow and destroys all germs therein.

In living rooms and bed-rooms the use of Milton as directed not only freshens the air, but also serves to eliminate the danger and to a large extent the presence of flies.

Flies will soon be here in millions. Protect yourself at once from their dangers.

There are over twenty ways of using Milton in hot weather—refreshing the air, keeping away dirt, disease, and infection, destroying bad smells, preserving milk and food, cleansing salads and vegetables, and purifying the home and its contents.

Get a bottle of Milton to-day, follow the instructions given with each bottle, and you will get rid of these pests with all their dangers.

Full instructions accompany each

1/- and 2/- BOTTLE

The 2/- Bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 1/-
To be had of all Dealers.

Get a bottle of MILTON to-day, and keep the flies away

Milton Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 125 Bunhill Row, London E.C.1; and 64 Wellington Street, Glasgow.

Another use for 'Milton'

Wherever you find a peculiarly disagreeable smell get a bottle of Milton and use it according to the instructions which accompany it. The smell is at once destroyed, the air purified, and the germs and bacteria annihilated.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 16th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

A Pertinent Question:—We would like to ask whoever is in command of the Croydon General Hospital if a wounded boy from the Royal Scots, transferred from the Manor War Hospital, is being properly treated. We have stated enough for the moment, but intend to keep a keen eye on the case.

A Serious Complaint:—We have a serious complaint from the Southern Command Hospital Centre, at Fovant. A large number of Expeditionary men, who are unfit, have been shifted from pillar to post, finally arriving at the S.C.T.C. Since leaving their original battalions they have received only part pay, and on asking their C.O. for the balance, they have been told that the Unit is "already in debt." We cannot quite understand what this means, if the accounts are properly kept. We should like to know why these unfortunate fellows cannot have the money that is due to them.

An Unfair Cadge:—From a hospital at Shepherd's Bush, we hear that a notice was recently posted up asking the wounded soldiers to remit from their credits a subscription to the Suffolk Prisoners' of War Aid Society. We must find out who gave authority for this. It is difficult enough for a wounded Tommy to spare any portion of his credit even for a starving wife and children.

The Way it is Done:—At the M.T. Depôt at Shortlands a number of men are doing office work and drawing M.T. pay. They were recently combed-out under War Office instructions, and we presume were supposed to be transformed into infantry men—but here is what happened: Some superior officer had them turned into packers, loaders, and supply clerks, so that they are still dodging the firing-line, and drawing their previous big pay. And this kind of thing is going on elsewhere.

Dug-out and Retained:—Many sneers are aimed at the dug-out officer, but he may grin and bear them when he considers how he is treated compared with the Retained Officer. We have looked into figures, and find that on comparison of a four-years' basis, the dug-out Colonel, everything considered, receives £4,536, whereas a Retained Officer, of equal rank, is in receipt of only £2,600.

"Camouflage":—Recently a General visited 189, A.F.A., B.A.C. in France. Mindful of the welfare of the men, he asked what rest was given to the drivers who came in at night or early in the morning, after delivering ammunition. He was told that those arriving between 10 p.m. and midnight paraded at 9 a.m. the following morning; after midnight and up to 2 a.m. they paraded at 11 a.m., and between 2 a.m and reveille they paraded at 2 p.m. The General was pleased, but next day in Daily Orders the following appeared:—"Night Fatigues—N.C.O.s and men who are detailed for ammunition at night will parade next morning as follows:—If back before 1 a.m. parade 6.15; if back after 1 a.m., parade 9 a.m.; J. T. Johnson, Lieut." We hope that this will meet the General's eye.

"JACK."

Haslar Hospital and Crockery:—We have just visited Haslar Hospital, at Gosport, and found, among other little "flies in the ointment," that the crockery was somewhat short—one mug, as a rule, having to do duty for three men. We would like to ask the Fleet-Surgeon if he has recently made an inspection.

Salvage Money:—About a year ago salvage money was awarded to salvers of the *Keanake*, full of whisky for America. One ship to share in the award was H.M.T. *Macbeth*, her base then being Peterhead. The men have, however, not yet received a penny.

Pay! Pay!! Pay!!!:—We have complaints from several ships, pointing out that the gun-layers have not had their pay increased on the same scale as the merchant seamen. The gunners, on whom so much depend, receive several pounds a month less than the "Jacks." We suppose that the Admiralty must economise, but while £8,000,000 a day is being chucked around, it is not the wish of the taxpayer that the gunners should be discriminated against.

Command Money:—Many of the skippers of the mine-sweepers have been afloat since the war began, and are now in command of miniature battleships, having vastly enhanced posts. Although all the other Officers who are in command, including the N.V.R., are paid command money, trawler skippers are left out in the cold. We wonder why.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

An Abandoned Badger:—A badged man, recently employed as a timekeeper in a Coventry factory, has been dismissed for carrying out orders. His instructions were to remove from the rack all cards of men who absented themselves without permission, the cards not to be replaced without a note from the Inspecting Foremen. The man carried out his orders—whereupon the staff came out on strike, demanding his discharge, and actually this was duly carried out. Poor man!

The Leicester Way:—Recently a meeting of the Leicester Borough War Pensions Committee was held, at which there was a row concerning the appointment of a civilian as Inside Clerk, although a number of Silver Badgers had applied for the post. This is a War Pensions Committee—mark you, but we notice that some fellow named G. Parbery supported the appointment of the civilian, and protested that "if discharged soldiers were to be given positions, it would be cutting out civilians, and would practically mean militarism." The civilian's appointment was confirmed. When the campaign is over, Badgers will be looking round for lamp-posts.

An Ex-Engineer Sergeant:—A badged man, who is an N.C.O., Royal Engineer, is working on munitions at Crewe, and tells us that his foreman is an hotel-keeper, knowing nothing about engineering—he possibly had a pull with the local "powers." There is room for alteration.

A Church Army Stunt:—The Church Army and the Salvation Army are widely advertised as philanthropic institutions. The former has taken over a farm at Hempstead, near Saffron Walden, and invites Silver Badgers to engage for a twelve months' training. Without taking up too much space, we would advise Silver Badgers and others to give the place a wide berth. The history of the old Salvation Army farm at Hadleigh would form profitable reading to anyone inclined to accept the invitation.

Discharged Soldiers Outsided:—A discharged soldier, who seems to know a lot about meat and who during last year's scarcity went to Ireland and "sent tons of meat to London for Smithfield and Aldgate," complains that they won't even look at him at the Smithfield Control Board, though the Ministry of Food employ at the Market men of military age shirking military service. Let us have a comb-out of the Smithfield Control.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Not Royal Hospital Style:—Discharged soldier, suffering from severe catarrh and heart disease, applied to the Pensions Minister, who replied that his case was receiving attention. It got our attention ten minutes after the man's letter was opened.

A Stricken Grandfather:—An old soldier, who has passed his 70th year, lost a daughter, a widow who died in child-birth. The poor old chap has the child on his hands, and was in great mental and pecuniary distress, doctor's and nurse's fees having to be paid.

Threatened With Eviction:—A widow recently lost her last son in action, and is unable to work, being in ill-health. A considerable amount of back rent was due to the landlord, who threatened to evict, but we enabled her to stave off the evil day.

In the Grip of the Plague:—Another soldier's wife who is suffering from the primæval curse. She has already six little children, three of them being in the grip of influenza.

Tommy's Distress:—A discharged soldier has a useless arm and a small pension. He is not fit to work, and has had the misfortune to lose his child. We enabled him to take a more cheery view of the future.

An Unfortunate Badger:—A badger, unfit for employment, has but a small pension. His wife and two children are ill.

Plucked from Danger:—Another badged man cannot find work; he has a wife and three children, was a month behind with his rent, and the landlord had threatened to put him on the road.

Other Cases:—

A discharged man suffering from the prevailing epidemic; his wife is also ill.

A soldier's widow cannot live and keep her children on her pension. She is unable to work, and there were outstanding debts.

An old soldier, dying of consumption, asked for his fare to a convalescent home.

A wife of a prisoner-of-war has five children, three of them ill. Debts were pressing.

A soldier's wife in delicate health who has already five children, two of them very ill.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

V. E. C., Croydon (per F. E. T.), 18s. 6d.; C. B. (Acton), 3s.; "Badger" (Putney), 10s. 6d.; H. G. D., £1 1s.; "Men's Sports Committee, M.F.A. Kremlin," 10s.; Anon. £1; Mr. and Mrs. J. (Twickenham), 2s. 5d.; "Spes nostra" (Rhyl), 2s. 6d.; "X. Y. Z.," 10s.; A. F. S. Bournemouth) £1 1s.; "Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s. 6d.; W. W. 2s. 6d.; J. A. (Malpas) £1 10s.; Children of Wide Bay School, £4; W. B., 6d.; A. F. O., 4½d.; H. J. B., 6d.; L. C., 6d.; L. S. D., 1s. 6d.; M. L. B., 6d.; E. S., 6d.; "Nton," 6d.; J. E. 1s.; G. D. D. 1s.; G. C., 6d.; "Tommy," 6d.; "68,311," 4s.; Mrs. C. C (Partick), 10s.; F. M. (Torquay), 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Widow," 1s. 6d.; "Almost Fed Up," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. B., 2s. 6d.; N. M (Scarborough), 1s.; "A Friend" (Blundeston), 3s.; "Anti cant," 2s. 6d.; W. S., 2s. 6d.; H. T. (Dublin), 1s. 6d.; C. M. D (Faversham), 2s. 6d.; "Grea," 1s. 6d.; "Childless Wife" (Salford), 1s.; C. H (Burnley), 10s.; H. H., 2s.; D. H. (Glasgow) 1s. 6d.; F. M., 1s.; "Kay's Eye," 5s. 6d.; W. J., 3s. 10d.; "Mary" (Ripon), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. W. (Grimsby), 2s.; W. F. 10s.; "An Admirer of JOHN BULL" (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; Mrs M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. B. E. S., 1s. 6d.; E. W. (Canterbury), 5s.; A. C. £1; Pte. C. (Blackburn), 4s. 6d.; L. M. (Wakefield) 1s.; O. A. D., 2s.; Anon., 3s.; B. A. (Maidstone), 1s.; H. B. S. 6d.; "Tax Driver 5372," 1s.; "One Who Is Grateful," 10s.; C. B., 1s. 6d.; "For Internment," 10s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; J. B. (Nottingham), £5; S. F., 5s.; "Engineer, R.E.F.," 3s.; B. B. (Hull), 1s.; Anon., 5s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Kilderminster), 10s.; E. J., £1; J. I., 2s. 6d.; H. W., 1s.; A. H., 1s. 6d.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

E. H., 2s. 6d.; M. S. (Westbourne Park), 2s.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"INQUISITIVE READER" (East Ham).—it was *not* the Editor whom you saw in the train. Besides, although we may be "middle-aged and short," we are never "well-dressed"!

"JUSTICIA" (Hanwell).—The grievances of the small shopkeeper are many. It's a shame the big man should have the best supplies of everything.

Miss E. J. R. (Wroxall).—The effect of the London Gas Bill, madam, is to impose on the consumers a rapacious burden of £289,000 a year. Gas and electric-light ought never to have been given into the hands of private companies as a monopoly.

W. H. E. (South Woodford) suggests himself as Dictator of a British Hun-Shooting Department. For every sailor or passenger lost through a U-boat he would shoot a Germhun officer, and "take full responsibility." We should be glad to make that a department of JOHN BULL.

N. B. (Old Trafford).—We'd make every man who downs tools in the workshops sit up in the trenches.

F. M. A. (Hythe).—"Are Germhuns, Austrians, and other enemy aliens allowed to vote at the coming elections?" If naturalised, yes.

A. H. W. (Coventry).—To concern yourself because six weeks have passed without a reply from the War Office anent your invention, shows how little you know of the way in which the great departments of State are run.

"PTE. CONSTANT READER" ("Rotten Ripon").—"They take young A fellows for ship-building who have never been abroad nor in a shipyard, and refuse married men of experience who have done their bit voluntarily." We need add no count to that indictment.

"AN OLD SOLDIER" (Leeds).—If you were in the War Cabinet you have a plan for a position "no army in the world would break through." Suppose they went the other way?

"GUNNERS" (France).—Germany has never "officially published her peace terms and war aims."

W. C. A. (Ripon).—"Be a real pal to the girls left behind." We are. And nobody gets jealous, either.

"St. ALBANS."—You paid 1½d. for a Fly Catcher "Made in Germany," but why send it to this office? There are none on us.

"SERGEANT" (Manchester).—Your suggestion that the British educational authorities should themselves take in hand the teaching of trades to discharged soldiers is a good one. Several agencies supported by public funds are at work to this intent, we believe.

A. K. (Lymn).—"This is in confidence, so please don't publish my letter or name." Right ho!

R. H. S. (Hampstead).—"We are now paying 1s. 2d. lb. for margarine which cost 4d. to 6d. before the war." What a pity it is we can't all keep shops!

"POOR WIDOW" (Maidstone).—"Don't like to ask the Guardians to give the children boots?" There is no disgrace in duty and right, madam.

R. C. (Gillingham).—"Which is more patriotic"—to leave money in the P.O. Savings Bank at 2½ per cent., or withdraw the money and invest in war securities? To leave it in the P.O.S.B. is obviously better for the country, as there is no doubt the Government borrow the money.

S. L. (Cardiff).—The official forms eat up a lot of paper, no doubt, and are wasted on you as you have no registered customers; but if you were in a position otherwise and did not receive the forms you would make a high song about it, we imagine.

F. R. M. (Hounslow).—Yes, we note "whisky grading may be dropped." In that case any price may be charged for any whisky, as before.

A. H. (St. John, N.B., Canada).—"It warms the cockles of one's heart to see the fearless manner in which you—" Glad to hear it. Compliments of our muscles to your cockles.

J. T. (Willesden).—"Why in the name of all that is holy are parachutes not fitted to all aeroplanes?" We'll ask the next parson we see.

"ANGLO-BRAZILIAN" (London, W.) says that by a law passed since Brazil's declaration of war no Brazilian may marry a Germhun. That's a law we ought to have in this country.

"CONSTANT READER" (Canterbury).—Not much of a W.A.A.C. if she returns your engagement ring at the command of the Deputy Administrator. Make up to another one with more pluck.

M. B. (Gravesend).—"I know some of the inner workings of Tilbury Dock. Make your hair stand up." Our Tame Barber will soon rectify that—so go on, make us wise.

"MORN STAR."—"The Girl Who Carries On," should not have carried on as you say she did.

M. L. (Redhill).—If you were three times "violently flung out of the office down a flight of stone steps," you do not need our advice, but a summons, obtainable at the Police Court.

"CRIPPLED NEWSVENDOR" (Hunslet).—All our sympathies are with you, not with the perfect lady who would spoil your pitch. You "may have a shop of your own one day." You have the right spirit to go on with.

"PATRIOT" (Glastonbury).—"I thought this cutting would interest you." Only you forgot to send it.

MRS. K. (Salford).—Alas! the widow's "last son" is to be spared only if the other boys are killed.

H. (Bristol).—Glad you won a 10s. prize with your first "Bullets" attempt. We, too, hope you will next win a Holiday Five Pound Note.

"EAGLE HUT" (Kingsway).—Though you "could be making big money in your own country (America) where labour is wanted," we have no means of inducing the Government to "get a move on" its ships for your special benefit. Discharged British soldiers are often in a worse position than you.

PRIVATE P. (Bracknell).—We hold no brief for Lord Newton in his lackadaisical attitude towards British prisoners of war in Germany, but we can find no record that he ever said their condition "left nothing to be desired."

"MAMIE" (Hackney).—As long as you feed him on your own ration, another little dog won't do us any harm.

W. F. (London, W.).—"The profiteering in food and other indispensables is enormous." We also hear that Queen Anne is dead.

V. C. (Dingle).—"I, V. C., issue a challenge, hereby to William, Emp. of Germhuny, to mortal mental combat." We would rather you cut his head off.

J. A. H. (Camberwell), a discharged soldier, has taken a small shop, but doesn't know how to make it pay on the profit allowed him on controlled goods. Nor do we. All the profits have been grabbed by the profiteers.

"ALLAN" (Hanley).—It may have been a "rotten shame" your friend should have to join the Army, but he shouldn't write and reveal himself as a grouser and a cad when he is in it.

"MICHAEL O'LEARY" (Glasgow).—"Remember for every house you Burnt in Ireland, every Boer house every indain House and every man Women anchild you murdered the evenging Angel will exact tool." For the life of us we cannot remember the last man, woman or child we murdered. We must look up our diaries.

L. S. (Shadwell, E.).—It does not surprise us in the least to hear that you think your husband should be in the Army, and wish he was. It would not stagger us to be told that there are husbands who wish their wives were in the W.A.A.C.s.

SERGT.-MAJ. T. J. (Lerwick).—When we used the sceptical phrase, "Tell that to the Marines," we meant the Horse Marines, of course, not the Royal Marines, who *cannot* be gulled.

G. T. B. (Pengam).—Bedwellty Council has elected a Conchy to a seat on itself? The Conchy should be sat on, and they should be Bed-welted.

"FOUR MUNITIONS GIRLS."—"Because of our yellow hands it is a hard task to get lodgings." Tell them you are wearing chamois leather gloves.

P. A. J. (Stoke Newington).—"I suffer in my legs with rheumatism. By so doing you will oblige." Anything to oblige is our motto. But you come it rather strong.

C. M. W. (London, N.).—"Can you wonder that Austrians and Germans outnumber the British in Tooley Street?" Under the present Home Office administration, no alien scandal makes us wonder.

A. S. (Lowestoft).—It is awful mismanagement that so many military cookhouses send their waste fat to soap boilers when it is badly wanted for explosives.

"TRAITOR" (Tilehurst).—Write fully, and come and see us, if possible.

"A POOR MOTHER."—"What is the good of granting extra rations to expectant mothers if they have not got the means to obtain them?" Let the Government answer.

W. R. (B.E.F.).—"To settle an argument, what is the position of a marker in a billiards saloon?" Against the marking board.

"A FEW OF THE BOYS" (Ripon) and OTHERS.—The Germhun Army disciplinary system may not really be more efficient, but it is certainly more brutal. No doubt some of our own Army officers would not scruple to try it on the boys.

"HENPECKED" (Huddersfield).—Solomon said [illegible] whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing. You were wrong in throwing the mustard pot at yours.

A. G. F. (Teddington).—The lady who made such a fuss when you sheltered in the front entrance of her house during a heavy downpour is evidently of the ancient order of snobbesses.

W. G. (Mansfield) sends us a "sample of twist tobacco they charged him 8d. ounce for." Hope it wasn't a real sample. If so, they sold him eight penn'orth of filthy rags.

"INQUIRER" (Luton).—Wouldn't care to say whether it is scientific truth that "man was made first," but Rabbie's idea seems to agree with the Scriptures: "Auld Nature swears the lovely dears Her noblest work she classes, O: Her prentice hand she tried on man, And then she made the lasses, O."

A. J. L. (Forest Gate).—"Will you write a letter for me to Gardiner and Co.?" What sort of a letter—reproachful, pleading, admonitory, or just a friendly little note? And which of the scores of Gardiner and Co.'s do you mean?

W. B. (Arthington).—We have received your verses, "Who Goes There?" They have gone there.

"COWBOY" (Swansea).—"Inform me the price of a cheap revolver." Isn't the sea near enough?

A. G. A. (E.C.).—"As I was standing outside the Bank of England to-day—." Let us know next time you want to "stand" there, and we will turn in with you.

H. W. (Sherburn).—"The Queen was presented with a young pig in a poke basket." A real pig in a poke.

"PURSER" (Dalton-in-Furness).—"When the war is over I want to obtain a situation as purser. Could you tell me where to apply?" What's your hurry?

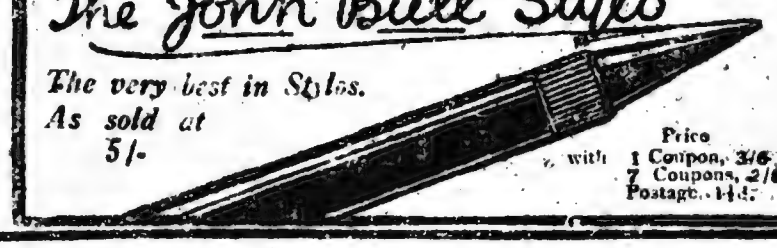
M. R.—(Middlesbro').—"I purchased enclosed bacon. What do you think of it?" Awful! But instead of poisoning our office, you should have taken it to your Food Controller and told him off.

E. T. (Groningen Camp).—Lord Newton says that he hopes means will be found to ameliorate the food-shortage among British prisoners in Dutch internment. Many will doubtless be presently repatriated.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

The 'John Bull' Stylo

The very best in Stylos.
As sold at
5/-



Price with 1 Coupon, 3/6
7 Coupons, 2/6
Postage, 1½d.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Aug. 17th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COY.

MR. GODFREY ISAACS' RESIGNATION REFUSED.

At the annual general meeting of the shareholders of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, Limited, held on the 31st ulto., Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, deputy-chairman and managing-director, referred to his recent action against Sir Charles Hobhouse.

"Before moving the adoption of the report," he said, "I need not tell you that the possibility of losing this action had never entered my mind, and I will not attempt to minimise the gravity of the verdict. I have served notice of application for a new trial, which I have every hope of obtaining. Meanwhile, I must face a very painful ordeal, but truth has a habit of prevailing in the end, and I feel certain it will prevail. (Applause.) For the present, however, I must recognise the position as it now is, and do what I think is right and honourable in the circumstapces. I am bound by an agreement to the company to act as its managing director until the end of December, 1925, and the company also by that agreement is bound to me. I do not think it would be fair or proper on my part to take advantage of that period, and I therefore, before proceeding with the ordinary business of the meeting, unreservedly tender to you my resignation and offer to terminate my agreement forthwith."

Captain Sankey, one of the directors, moved that the resignation be not accepted. He declared that the directors and shareholders had complete confidence in Mr. Isaacs' honour and integrity, and it was their desire that he should withdraw his resignation.

The resolution, which was passed with only one dissentient, brought forth the remark from Mr. Isaacs that he thought it was due to the meeting to know that the shareholder who was the only dissentient used to be employed by the company, and was the holder of one share.

TELEGRAM FROM SENATORE MARCONI.

He said: "I have just received a telegram from Senatore Marconi, which I would like to read to you. 'I most deeply regret and deplore verdict. You have my most sincere sympathy, and I can assure you of my firm belief in your honour and integrity.'"

Mr. Isaacs, in accepting the expression of opinion of the meeting, said, "I hope that you will not consider it ungenerous if I say that I think I deserve it."

Later the secretary read the following telegram he had received from Senatore Marconi: "Most deeply regret verdict in Isaacs case. Please express my sympathy to Mr. Isaacs, and inform him and general meeting that I heartily associate myself with the resolution of the board, and that he has now, during the eight years of his association with me, had my entire belief in his honesty and integrity. His evidence, as reported in the newspapers which have reached me, is identical with his account of facts as related to me before any case was contemplated. Sincerely hope re-trial may be granted." (Cheers.)

The usual formal business having been transacted, the vote of thanks to the chairman and directors concluded the proceedings.

The full Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The Treasury has been consulted under the Notification of the 18th January, 1915, and raises no objection to this issue. It must be distinctly understood that in considering whether They have, or have not, any objections to new issues, the Treasury does not take any responsibility for the financial soundness of any schemes, or for the correctness of any of the statements made, or opinions expressed with regard to them.

The special permission of the Committee of the Stock Exchange has been granted for dealing in the Shares now offered for subscription after issue of Allotment Letters.

The Subscription List will close on or before the 7th day of August, 1918.

ENGLISH OILFIELDS, LTD.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917.)

CAPITAL - - £300,000

Divided into 300,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 150,000 will be issued as fully paid to the Vendors in part payment of the purchase consideration, and the balance of

150,000 SHARES ARE OFFERED FOR SUBSCRIPTION AT PAR, PAYABLE—

1s. per Share on		**Application**
4s.	.. ..	**Allotment**
5s.	.. ..	**Two Months after Allotment**
5s.	.. ..	**Four Months after Allotment**
5s.	.. ..	**Six Months after Allotment.**

DIRECTORS:

Sir WILLIAM LAWRENCE YOUNG, Bart., 35, Lower Seymour Street, London, W.1.

Sir JAMES HEATH, Bart., J.P., Oxendon Hall, Market Harborough, Ironmaster and Colliery Proprietor.

Major-General Sir GEORGE KENNETH SCOTT MONCRIEFF, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.I.E., Hon. M.Inst.C.E. (late Director of Fortifications and Works, War Office, Director of Macdonald, Gibbs and Co. (Engineers, Limited), 10, Vicarage Gate, Kensington, W.8.

CHARLES LEOPOLD SAMSON (Grundy, Kershaw, Samson and Co.), Solicitor, 6, Austin Friars, London, E.C.2.

Captain MATTHEW HENRY PHINEAS RIALL SANKEY, C.B., R.E. (ret.), M.Inst.C.E., M.I.Mech.E., Director, Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, Limited, Marconi House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

HENRY CYRIL WARNEFORD FOSTER, Hornby Castle, Lancaster, Landowner.

BANKERS:

THE CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK, LTD., 35, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. Head Office: 39, Threadneedle St., E.C.2, and Branches.

SOLICITORS:

For the Company—BLOUNT, LYNCH AND PETRE, 48, Albemarle Street, London, W.1. For the Vendors—GRUNDY, KERSHAW, SAMSON AND CO., 6, Austin Friars, London, E.C.2.

BROKERS:

MYERS AND CO., 4, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.2, and Stock Exchange.

AUDITORS:

J. W. BEST AND CO., Chartered Accountants, St. Peter's Close, Sheffield.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES: A. N. STOCKDALE, 48, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

Prospectuses and Application Forms can be obtained from the Company's Bankers, Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

HOLZAPFELS LIMITED.

An extraordinary general meeting of Holzapfels, Limited, was held at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Colonel Sir Herbert Jekyll, K.C.M.G., presiding, to consider the following resolution: "That the name of the company be changed to 'The International Paint and Compositions Company, Limited.'"

The Chairman said: I ask the meeting whether they will take the circular which was issued to the shareholders as read, or whether they wish to have it read.

It was unanimously resolved to take the circular as read.

The Chairman: Gentlemen, this meeting has been called to seek the consent of the proprietors to a change in the name of the company. It has long been evident that the German name under which it has been known hitherto was prejudicial to our interests. An inquiry ordered by the Board of Trade has now satisfied the Board that the company was no longer controlled by enemy aliens or naturalised British subjects of alien origin. The board consists now exclusively of British-born subjects, and of the share capital none is held by enemy aliens, and less than 6 per cent. by British subjects of enemy origin. I will move the resolution: "That the name of the company be changed to 'The International Paint and Compositions Company, Limited.'"

Admiral Eustace seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted, and the proceedings terminated.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY.

Presiding, on August 1, at the annual general meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Limited, Mr. Charles Threlfall, the chairman of the company, in moving the adoption of the report, said:—In spite of many unforeseen difficulties, and constant Government restrictions, we are able to place before you to-day the most satisfactory balance-sheet that the directors have ever had the pleasure of presenting to the shareholders. The gross trading profit for the year amounted to £605,330 4s. 10d., against £404,774 8s. 3d. last year. We have written off £22,313 3s. 6d. for depreciation, and have placed £20,000 to pensions insurance fund, £1,000 to employees' insurance fund under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, and carried forward £185,768 19s. 8d. This sum is subject to excess profits duty for the half-year to June 30th, 1918, which we believe will be about £130,000. Briefly stated, we have been rewarded for our customary foresight in making large purchases of the finest qualities of wines and spirits, as well as substantial stocks of brewing materials obtained in the best markets, and by this means we have gained the increased confidence of the general public, who have appreciated our efforts on their behalf, and the result has been a very large increase in the receipts of our houses. Therefore, it is highly gratifying to the directors to announce to their shareholders a record dividend and bonus of 30 per cent. (Hear, hear.)

Send your address on a postcard to H. Samuel for Free Book of Jewellery, Watch, Silverware and Plate Bargains at next to

FACTORY PRICES

that save you ordinary retail profits.

Typical value.

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH.

Fully jewelled, reliable movement. Nickel case. **17/6**

WRITE NOW!

H. Samuel is the largest firm of its kind in the Empire. Branches in all principal towns.

H. SAMUEL, 199, MARKET ST., Manchester.

(H.SAMUEL, LTD.)

Trippa FOLDING

Of all Pram Dealers, Stores, etc.

BABY CARS

Allow the smallest child to be carried over the roughest of road without shock. Used by the Nursing Profession.

FROM 58/3.

Trippa Catalogue on request

BROWN BROS., Ltd. 64, Eastern St., LONDON, E.C.2. Deansgate, MANCHESTER.

HAWLEY'S

YORKSHIRE PUDDING POWDER

Betters your Batter.

The experience of thousands of first-class cooks proves that in making Batter, Hawley's Yorkshire Pudding Powder is far more satisfactory than even eggs. Economise on eggs and get better results by using Hawley's Yorkshire Pudding Powder.

Ask for the 1½d. packet, which substitutes two eggs, and is sufficient for two Yorkshire Puddings.

Sole Manufacturers:

H. B. & R. HAWLEY, Ltd., Food Mills, Shipley, Yorks.

Foster Clark's

Best Substitute for Meat.

2d Soups

"Carry On"

aptly describes the spirit of the nation to-day. Endurance is the watchword of the Allies.

One of the great factors upon which endurance depends—that subtle strength which we call 'staying power'—is sound bodily health.

The physical means of endurance are supplied to the body by 'BYNOGEN' which provides food for the tissues and nerves in such a form that they build reserves of strength over and above the needs of the most exhausting day's work. Thus endurance becomes not only possible but natural.

'BYNOGEN' consists of pure milk protein, with organic phosphates and a specially prepared extract obtained from selected whole wheat and malt.

'Bynogen' Trade Mark

Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- & 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd
Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

Established in the City of London. A.D. 1715. B.5

"TIZ" — after a Night on Duty!

"Such a Relief! How my sore, puffed-up feet used to ache for TIZ!"

"I never get tired with TIZ."

Ah! what relief. Since I've used TIZ I come off a night's duty feeling as fresh as when I set out from home. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, perspiring feet. No more soreness in corns, hard skin, bunions, chilblains.

No matter what ails your feet or what you've tried without getting relief, just use TIZ. TIZ is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. TIZ cures your foot trouble so that you'll never limp again with it, and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore and swollen. Think of it—no more foot misery, no more agony from corns, hard skin, or bunions.

"I purchased a small box of TIZ three or four weeks ago," writes Mr. Henry Rockcliffe, H.M. Works, Wincham, Northwich, "and after using it obtained immediate relief. I work long hours and am upon my feet a great deal, and I can truly say TIZ has done a great deal for me."

Get a 1/3 box at any chemist's or stores and get instant relief. Just once try TIZ. Get a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/3. Think of it! And remember it's just as useful to your friend at the Front.—If any difficulty in securing TIZ, write to W. L. Dodge, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., E.C. 1.

"BULLETS" HOLIDAY PRIZES!

2ND Prize £20 | **FIRST £200 PRIZE** | **3RD Prize £10**

40 PRIZES OF 10/- | 200 PRIZES OF 5/- | 1,000 PRIZES of 2/6 | 3,000 TARGET PRIZES

And 20 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £5 each

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—SLICE OF LUCK Bullet:—NOT INTERNED, ALIEN THINKS. Example:—HAD ENOUGH. Bullet:—OF GOVERNMENT DELAYS. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated August 31st.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 297.

THE BRITISH LION	SEASIDE CHARGES	THE PRUSSIANS	BOTTOMLEY'S AIM
HANGING ON	OUT OF POCKET	FLY BOYS	HITTING THE MARK
MAN OF THE MOMENT	TOMMY'S ESCORT	PRICE OF GAS	RIGHT TURN
DEAR TO US	IN THE CELLAR	GROWING WEAKER	SLICE OF LUCK
EARLY BIRD	CAUGHT BENDING	THE OLD LOVE	LADY HELPS
BURNING HIS FINGERS	HARRY LAUDER	IN PARLIAMENT	TRYING TIMES
PEACE OFFENSIVE	HAD ENOUGH	LOVELY WOMAN	WAR MEASURES
HOLIDAY TRAINS	FIGHTING HARD	CAN'T GET ON	THE KAISER'S FINISH

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 15th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(297) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 15th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(297) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 297, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 298.

AMERICA'S START	PIGS IN CLOVER	ON THE ROCKS	ACCORDING TO SAMPLE
PLAYING THE GAME	MERRY AND BRIGHT	TOMMY'S JOB	PASSING RICH
OUR CURATE	HOLIDAY RUSH	PLEASANT TO HEAR THAT	WHEN POLICEMAN CALLS
HOT AT HOME	GETTING HOME STRAIGHT	WHEN MOTHER BATHES	MIGHTY DEEP
PEACE TERMS	SHIRKING	FAST FRIENDS	THE KAISER IMAGINES

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, AUGUST 22nd.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **298** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 298,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for competition 297.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 294 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal."
Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 294th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200.

Mr. JOHN GREGSON WAKE,
129, Mottram Road, Hyde, Manchester.

Example:—TALKING TOO MUCH.
Bullet:—MAKES "PEACE" IMPOSSIBLE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mrs. A. DUFFNEY,
36, Bowesfield Lane, Stockton-on-Tees.

Example:—APPEALS TO BOTTOMLEY.
Bullet:—THRASH "ALIEN SUBJECT" OUT.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. H. G. WILLIAMS,
689, Washwood Heath Road, Birmingham.

Example:—STAGGERING HUMANITY.
Bullet:—AND SOBERING IT, WAR.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. G. OSMOND, 49, Plymouth St., C.-on-M., Manchester: FOCH'S PLAN—PLUS AMERICANS, NONPLUS GERMANS.
Cpl. B. A. MURRAY, 13313, Room 18, Talbot Chambers, Market Street, Shrewsbury: UNDER PRESSURE—GOVERNMENTS "MAY" BECOMES "SHALL."
Mr. C. DAILLY, 184, Hilltown, Dundee: AS THINGS GO—SHOPWALKERS ARE OBSERVANT PERSONS.
Mr. F. KITCHEN, Stockheld Grange, Scholes, Leeds: APPEALS TO BOTTOMLEY—GO "STRAIGHT" TO HIM.
Mrs. K. BONNER, 385, Price Street, Birkenhead: DEAD SECRET—WHY MANY RECEIVE "ORDERS."
Mr. F. TERRISS, 176, Elmhurst Mans., Clapham, S.W.: A CHEAP HOLIDAY—SO LAND GIRL THOUGHT.
Mr. E. F. RIDER, 4, Ernest Street, Birmingham: SLEEPING PARTNER—SELDOM MONARCH'S GERMAN WIFE.
Mr. D. G. ETCHELLS, Victoria Ter., Talbot St., Glossop: DEAD SECRET—WHERE WEALTHY ALIENS INTERNED.
Mr. E. FYES, 9, Canute Rd., Clive Vale, Hastings: MARCHING ORDERS—RIGHT ABOUT—INTERN.
Mrs. G. WILSON, Sutton, Woodbridge: MISTAKEN KINDNESS — GENERALS APPARENTLY THINK LEAVE.
Mr. D. ABRAHAM, 25, Brookwood Rd., Southfields, S.W.: PACKED TIGHT—FRANCE BEFORE AMERICA'S FINISHED.
Mrs. A. S. MASEY, 1, Orchard Hill, Carshalton: PACKED TIGHT—GERMAN OFFICERS—AUSTRIAN ARMY.
Mr. G. H. WALTON, 73, Lammas Street, Carmarthen: FOCH'S PLAN—SPEND FOE, SAVE HUMANITY.
Mr. J. I. THOMS, 165, White Horse Lane, S. Norwood: SKY PILOTS—BOTH "KNOW THEIR BOOK."
Mr. W. GILBERT, 51, Durham Road, Manor Park, E.: CAN'T GET OVER—MILITARY AGE, ANYONE SHORTLY.
Mrs. B. BAKER, 73, Broadmead Road, Folkestone: PACKED TIGHT—PEACE MEETINGS IN AUSTRIA.
Mr. G. ANGROVE, 1157, Neath, Rd., Plasmarl, Swansea: A CHEAP HOLIDAY—GOVERNMENT INSTRUCTORS LECTURING FARMERS.
Mr. F. SMITH, 71, Mowbray Road, South Shields: FOCH'S PLAN—DOESN'T INCLUDE RE-BUILDING PARIS.
Mr. W. E. LEA, 62, Stapleton Road, Bristol: SEASIDE HONEYMOON—FIRST WALK—FOOD OFFICE.
Mr. W. THOMAS, 37, Dunstall Rd., Wolverhampton: LODGER'S COMPLAINT—ITS "GOT WHISKER'S ON."

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 20 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To:.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

August 10th, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

August 10th, 1918. .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

I.K. kills outright!

—not merely rolls Mr. Beetle and his followers over until they get their breath. Hawley's I.K. should be freely used this summer to prevent these obnoxious disease-carrying insect pests entering your home, but if they *should* enter, I.K. will do its duty and soon have them "turned down."

Hawley's I.K. Insect Killer

Is a fine sweet-smelling powder put up in handy sprinkler tins. Be sure to ask for Hawley's I.K., and see you get it—shun others. *From Chemists, Stores, etc., everywhere. Manufactured by*

Evans Sons Lescher & Webb, Ltd.,
Liverpool New York London

Send a tin to your Soldier Friend.
Hawley's I.K. should be freely used by all workers in busy industrial centres, and by soldiers in training. It prevents the spread of disease when large numbers of persons are concentrated.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

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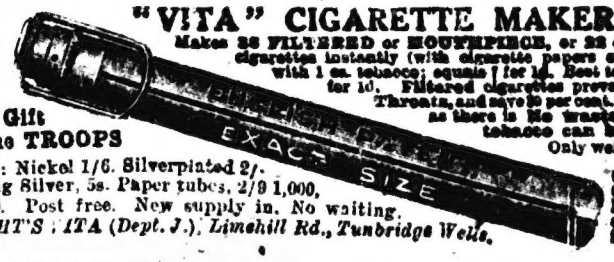

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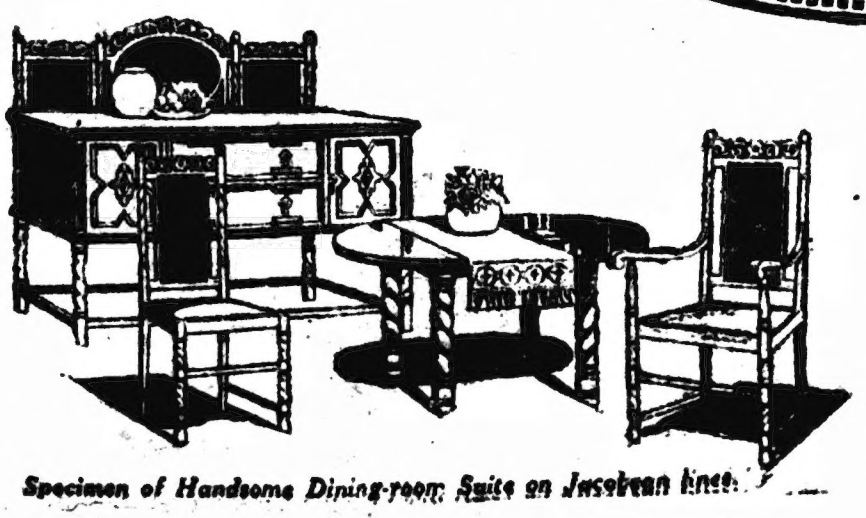

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